Hard fauourd tyrant, ougly, meagre leane,
Hatefull diuorce of loue)(thus chides she death)
Grim-grinning Goſt, earths worme what doſt thou
To ſtifle beauty, and to ſteale his breath? (meane?
Who when he liu'd, his breath and beautie ſet
Gloſſe on the roſe, ſmell to the violet.

If he be dead, ô no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beautie, thou ſhouldſt ſtrike at it,
Oh yes, it may, thou haſt no eyes to ſee,
But hatefully at random doeſt thou hit,
Thy marke is feeble age, but thy falſe dart,
Miſtakes that aime, and cleaues an infants hart.

Hadſt thou but bid beware, then he had ſpoke,
And hearing him, thy power had loſt his power,
The deſtinies will curſe thee for this ſtroke,
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluckſt a flower,
Loues golden arrow at him ſhould haue fled,
And not deaths ebon dart to ſtrike him dead.
(weeping?
Doſt thou drinke teares, that thou prouok'ſt ſuch
What may a heauie grone aduantage thee?
Why haſt thou caſt into eternall ſleeping,
Thoſe eyes that taught all other eyes to ſee?
Now nature cares not for thy mortall vigour,
Since her beſt worke is ruin'd with thy rigour.

Here

Here ouercome as one full of deſpaire,
She vaild her eye-lids, who like ſluces ſtopt
The criſtall tide, that from her two cheeks faire,
In the ſweet channell of her boſome dropt,
But through the flud-gates breaks the ſilu er rain,
And with his ſtrong courſe opens them againe.

O how her eyes, and teares, did lend and borrow,
Her eye ſeene in the teares, teares in her eye,
Both criſtals, where they viewd each others ſorrow:
Sorrow, that friendly ſighs ſought ſtill to dry,
But like a ſtormie day, now wind, now raine,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make thẽ wet againe.

Variable paſſions throng her conſtant wo,
As ſtriuing who ſhould beſt become her griefe,
All entertaind, each paſſion labours ſo,
That euerie preſent ſorrow ſeemeth chiefe,
But none is beſt, then ioyne they all together,
Like many clouds, conſulting for foule weather.

By this farre off, ſhe hears ſome huntſman hallow,
A nourſes ſong nere pleaſd her babe ſo well,
The dire imagination ſhe did follow,
This ſound of hope doth labour to expell,
For now reuiuing ioy bids her reioice,
And flatters her, it is *Adonis* voyce.